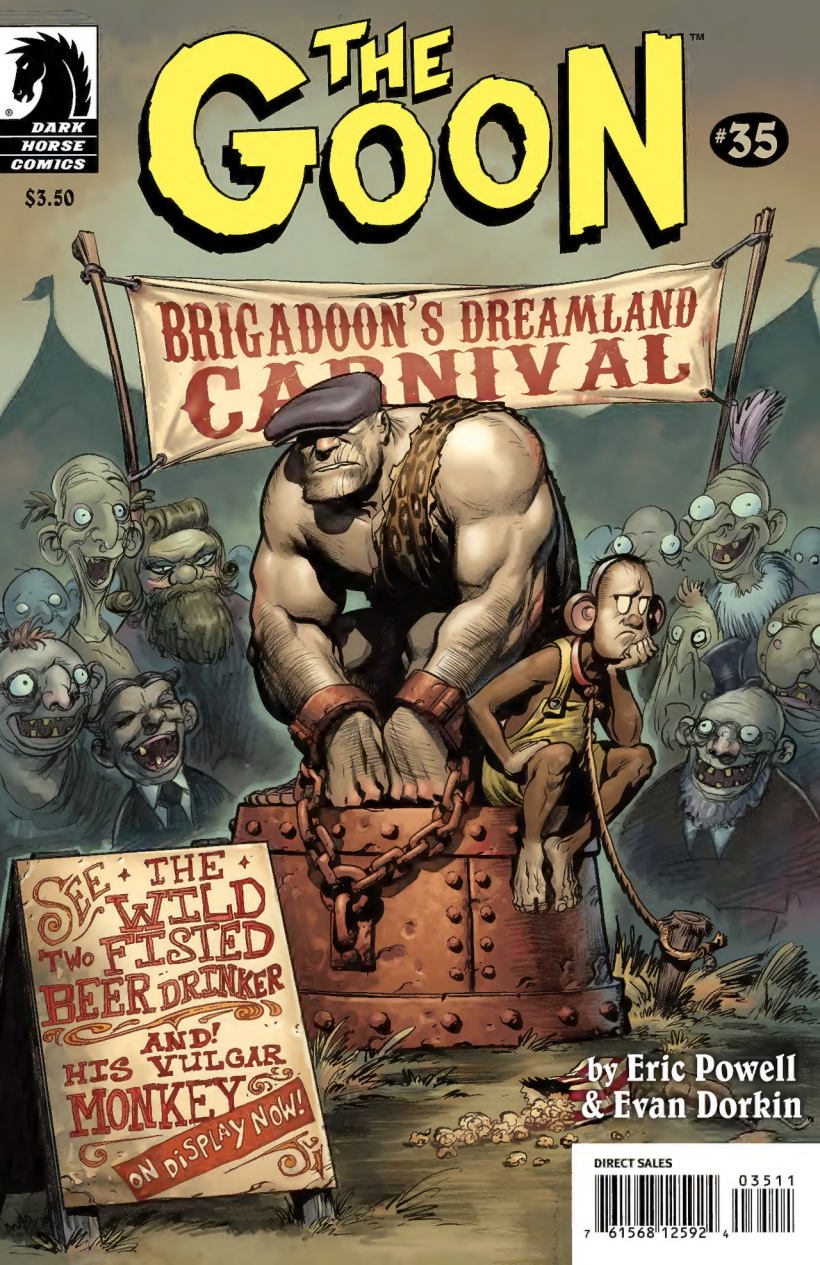
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THE GOON
#35
BRIGADOON'S DREAMLAND CARNIVAL
SEE THE WILD TWO FISTED BEER DRINKER AND! HIS VULGAR MONKEY ON DISPLAY NOW!
by Eric Powell & Evan Dorkin
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The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

writer **Evan Dorkin**

artist **Eric Powell**

colorist **Dave Stewart**

editor **Scott Allie** assistant editor **Daniel Chabon** designer **Amy Arendts**

publisher **Mike Richardson**

SINCE 1999

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.** and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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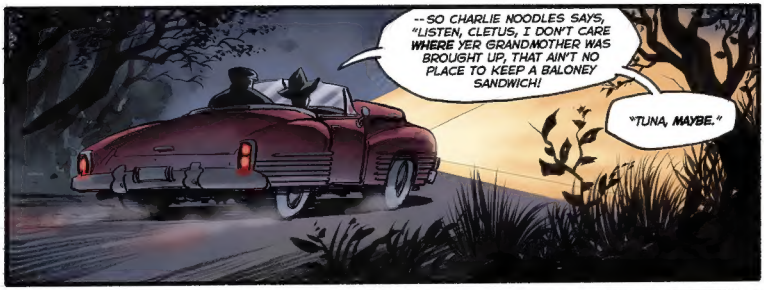
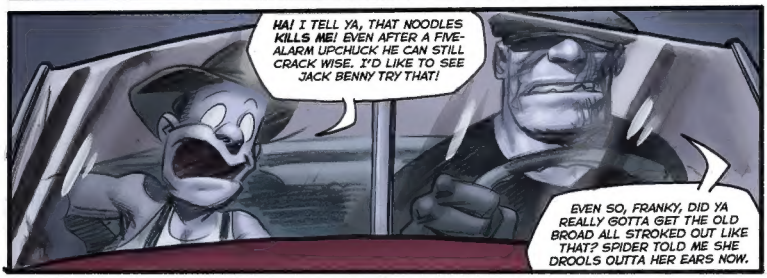
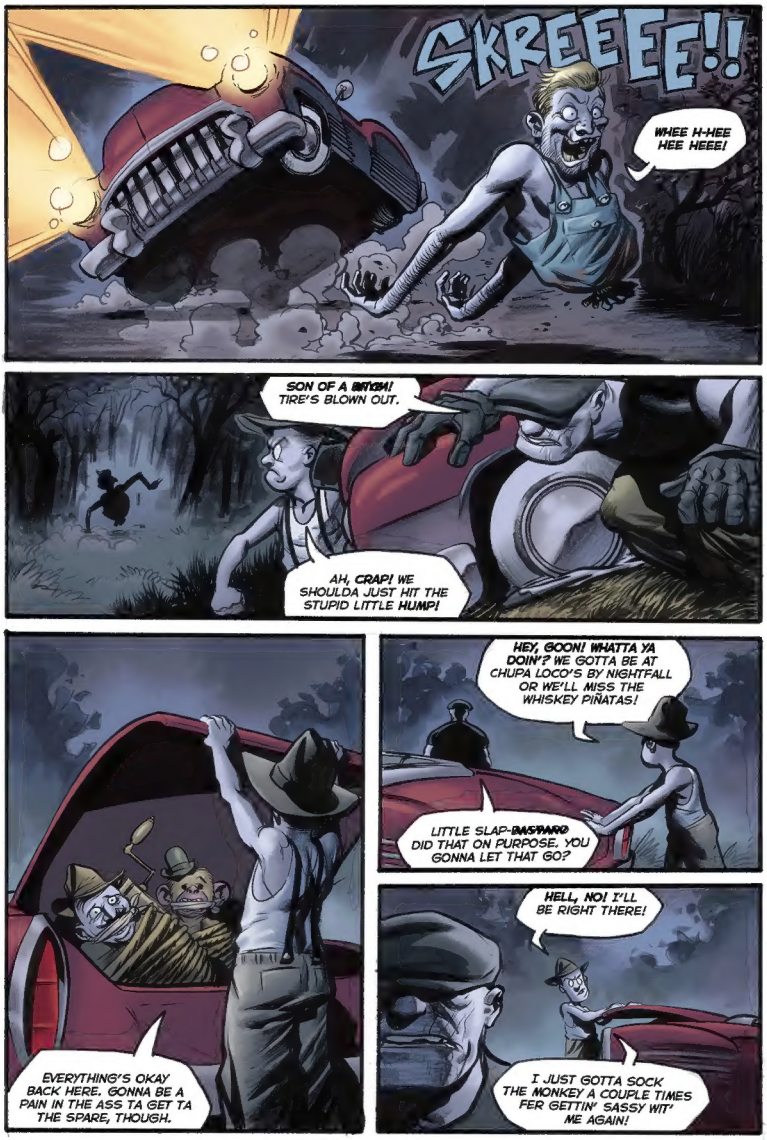

-- SO CHARLIE NOODLES SAYS, "LISTEN, CLETUS, I DON'T CARE **WHERE** YER GRANDMOTHER WAS BROUGHT UP, THAT AIN'T NO PLACE TO KEEP A BALONEY SANDWICH!
"TUNA, **MAYBE.**"


HA! I TELL YA, THAT NOODLES **KILLS ME!** EVEN AFTER A FIVE-ALARM UPCHUCK HE CAN STILL CRACK WISE. I'D LIKE TO SEE JACK BENNY TRY THAT!
EVEN SO, FRANKY, DID YA REALLY GOTTA GET THE OLD BROAD ALL STROKED OUT LIKE THAT? SPIDER TOLD ME SHE DROOLS OUTTA HER EARS NOW.

AHH, SHE **ALWAYS** DID THAT. BELIEVE ME, WE LET HER OFF EASY.
DID I TELL YA IT WAS ON PUMPERNICKEL? NOW I GET THE CREEPIN' SWEATS EVERY TIME I PASS A DELI --

GOON -- LOOK OUT!
EEYAHH!


SKREEEEE!!
WHEE H-HEE HEE HEEE!
SON OF A BITCH! TIRE'S BLOWN OUT.
AH, CRAP! WE SHOULDA JUST HIT THE STUPID LITTLE HUMP!
HEY, GOON! WHATTA YA DOIN'? WE GOTTA BE AT CHUPA LOCO'S BY NIGHTFALL OR WE'LL MISS THE WHISKEY PIÑATAS!
LITTLE SLAP-BASTARD DID THAT ON PURPOSE. YOU GONNA LET THAT GO?
HELL, NO! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
I JUST GOTTA SOCK THE MONKEY A COUPLE TIMES FER GETTIN' SASSY WIT' ME AGAIN!
EVERYTHING'S OKAY BACK HERE. GONNA BE A PAIN IN THE ASS TA GET TA THE SPARE, THOUGH.

SO I TELL THE SCHMUCK, "LOOK, SCHMUCK, THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CASE OF THE CRABS AN' HAVIN' AN ENTIRE FRIGGIN' TERRARIUM IN YER TROUSERS!"
AN' ALLA SUDDEN HE BUSTS OUT CRYIN'! CAN YOU BEAT THAT?
WELL, THE UPSHOT IS, THAT NIGHT HE TRIES TO CLEAN IT OUT WITH SOME BLEACH, AN' THEN HE TRIES SOME AMMONIA, AN' WELL, THE FUNERAL'S FRIDAY IF YOU GIVE A CRAP.
NOPE.
DIDN'T THINK SO.
HOLD UP. Y'HEAR THAT?
HEAR WHAT?
CALLIOPE...
HUH? Y'MEAN FRUMPY MYERSON'S SISTER? THE ONE THAT SMELLS LIKE WET CARDBOARD WHEN SHE GETS ALL WHOOPED UP? WHAT WOULD SHE --
AIN'T A HER. IT'S A WHAT. MAKES MUSIC.
WAIT A SEC...YEAH, I HEAR IT NOW. SOUNDS LIKE --
YEAH. EXACTLY LIKE.
BUT IT DON'T MAKE NO SENSE, WAY OUT HERE IN THE ARMPIT'S ASS OF NOWHERE --

BRIGADOON'S DREAMLAND CARNIVAL
HUH. BRIGADOON'S DREAMLAND. NEVER HEARD OF 'EM.
THEY MUST BE DREAMIN' IF THEY THINK THEY'RE GONNA DO ANY COIN OUT HERE.
DON'T SEEM TO BE HURTIN' FER CUSTOMERS. I DON'T GET IT, THOUGH. NO ROADS, NO TIRE TRACKS...HOW THE HELL'D THEY HAUL IN?
HEY, YOU THINK THEY GOT BROADS HERE? THEY ALWAYS GOT BROADS, RIGHT? BROADS WHAT SHIMMY AN' ARE MORALISTICALLY DEFICIENT --
HEY! YOUSE TWO!

YEAH? WHAT'S YER PROBLEM, PRECIOUS? COLLECTIN' FER CHARITY?
CUT IT OUT, FRANKY.
ONE OF US?
ONE OF US.
WE ACCEPT YOU, ONE OF US.
GOOBLE GOBBLE, GOOBLE GOBBLE, ONE OF US, ONE OF US.
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.
SHEESUS CHRIST, IT'S FREAK CITY, U.S.A.! WHAT GIVES?! I AIN'T SEEN THIS MUCH UGLY SINCE DOC SHIFTY LENT ME THE "CHILD'S GUIDE TO SYPHILIS" POP-UP BOOK.
KNOCK IT OFF, FRANKY. SIDESHOW FOLK'S IS ALL RIGHT. PAST THEIR LOOKS THEY'RE JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.
Y'MEAN THEY'RE SCUMBAGS?
...
WORLD'S TALLEST DWARF!
CORN DOG ICE CREAM
HAIRY HENRIETTA!
ALL NATURAL! ALL NATURAL!

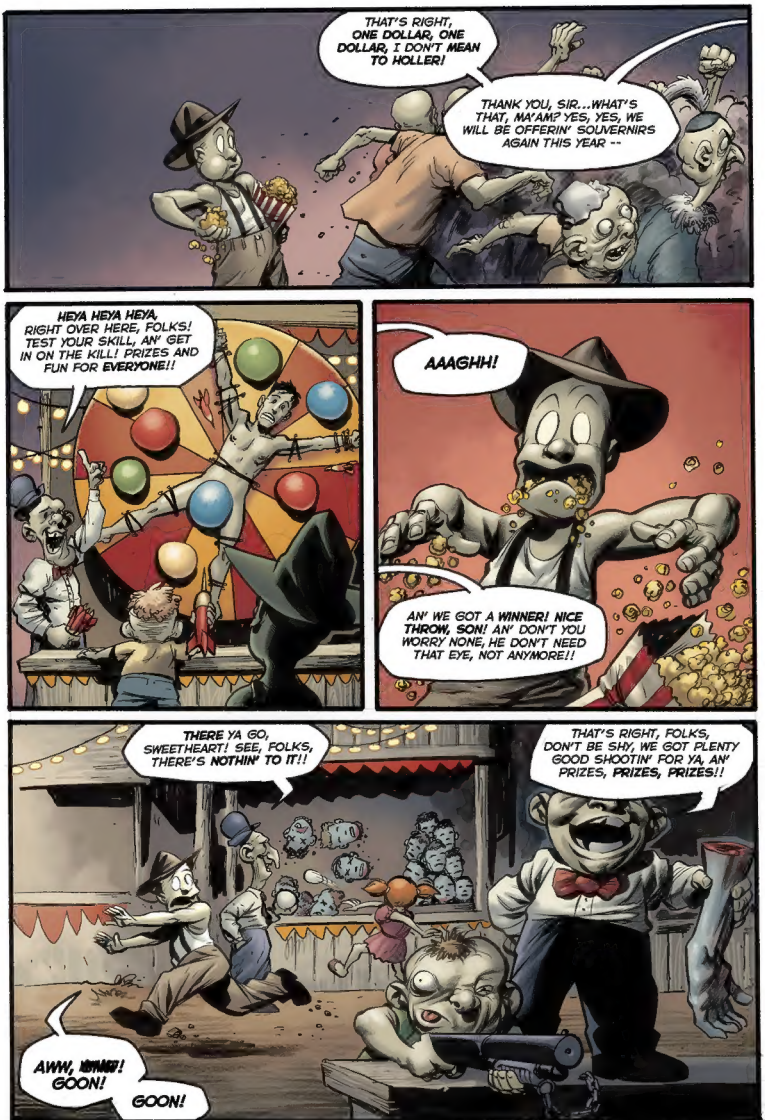
ANYWAY, WE'RE HERE TA FIND THAT HALF-PORTION MOOK, NOT SIGHTSEE. YOU TAKE THE LEFT SIDE, I'LL HEAD UP RIGHT. AN' DON'T GET DISTRACTED. NO KOOTCH SHOWS.
IN THIS ZOO? PFFFT! I'VE SEEN BETTER TAIL AT A DOGFIGHT!
YEAH, YEAH. JUST KEEP YER EYES OPEN.

STEP RIGHT UP, GENTLEMEN, STEP RIGHT UP! RING THE BELL AN' PICK YER PRIZE! IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, IF YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES! SO STEP RIGHT UP!

ALWAYS REMEMBER
KIZZIE
THE IRON MAIDEN
WOLF

ALWAYS REMEMBER

LOOK, I KNOW WHAT I SAID, SISTER, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE I GOT A LOOK AT YER BETTER HALF! I DON'T CANOODLE WITH NO HEMANPHRODITES, NOT EVEN IN MY FILTHY IMAGINATION!
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS, GATHER 'ROUND! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE BIG SHOW!
NOW, FOLKS, RIGHT HERE'S A LITTLE PEEK AT WHAT WE GOT IN STORE FOR YA! LOOKS RIGHT SWEET AN' INNOCENT, DON'T SHE?
BUT WE ALL KNOW LOOKS CAN BE DECEMIN'!
THE DREGS OF NORMALITY!
ORDINARY MISFITS!
THE ALL TOO TYPICAL!
POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL!
WHY, THE THINGS THIS ONE'S SAID AN' DONE WOULD CURL THE HAIR ON THE BEAR WOMAN -- RIGHT DOWN T'THE SHORT STUFF!
I'M SORRY! I SWEAR --!
AWW, SHE'S SORRY NOW!
THEY'RE ALWAYS SORRY NOW!
WE GOT LOTS MORE JUST LIKE HER, FOLKS! "NORMAL," THEY CALL 'EM! "ORDINARY"! COLLECTED FROM FAR AN' WIDE, ALL WAITIN' FOR YA INSIDE!
MARK 'ER! MARK 'ER UP!
NOW, NOW, PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT INSIDE, FOLKS! AN' ONLY A DOLLAR FOR THE PLEASURE!


THAT'S RIGHT, ONE DOLLAR, ONE DOLLAR, I DON'T MEAN TO HOLLER!
THANK YOU, SIR...WHAT'S THAT, MA'AM? YES, YES, WE WILL BE OFFERIN' SOUVERNIRS AGAIN THIS YEAR --
HEYA HEYA HEYA, RIGHT OVER HERE, FOLKS! TEST YOUR SKILL, AN' GET IN ON THE KILL! PRIZES AND FUN FOR EVERYONE!!
AAAGHH!
AN' WE GOT A WINNER! NICE THROW, SON! AN' DON'T YOU WORRY NONE, HE DON'T NEED THAT EYE, NOT ANYMORE!!
THERE YA GO, SWEETHEART! SEE, FOLKS, THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT!!
THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, DON'T BE SHY, WE GOT PLENTY GOOD SHOOTIN' FOR YA, AN' PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES!!
AWW, [illegible]! GOON!
GOON!

NAH, THAT AIN'T HIM. CLOSE, THOUGH.
HONEST MISTAKE.
MOMBOOZO'S GEEK-STYLE CHICKEN! JUST LIKE MOM USE TO EAT!
NO LOVIN THE CHICKENS
ANYONE CATCHED LOVIN THE CHICKENS WILL BE REJEKTED
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN. BETTER THAN YOU THINK YOU ARE.
LAY OFF THE SAUCE, WITCH.
FORTUNE
HEY! HEY, YOU! BIG BOY!
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU GOT A SOLID ARM, MAC! HOWZABOUT TRYIN' T'DUNK THE PUNK, HUH?
NOT INTERESTED.
AH, C'MON, BUDDY, SHOW THE FOLKS HERE HOW IT'S DONE!
YEAH, MISTER, TAKE A SHOT!
G'WAN, DUNK THE LITTLE CREEP!
P-PLEASE, MISTER...PLEASE DON'T --
HEY, CHIEF, IT'S A NICKEL A POP --

HEY!
BAD MOVE, CHUM! YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT LITTLE STUNT --
GOON! WE GOTTA AMSCRAY! THIS JOINT'S BENT, EIGHT WAYS TO SUNDAY! IT'S CRAZIER THAN THE BIBLE! IT'S A MADHOUSE, I TELL YA! A MAAADHOUSE! OH...I GUESS YOU KNOW.
FRANKY, CALM DOWN AN' LINTIE THESE GUYS. AN' HURRY IT UP. THE CROWD'S STARTIN' T'GET --
BLAM!

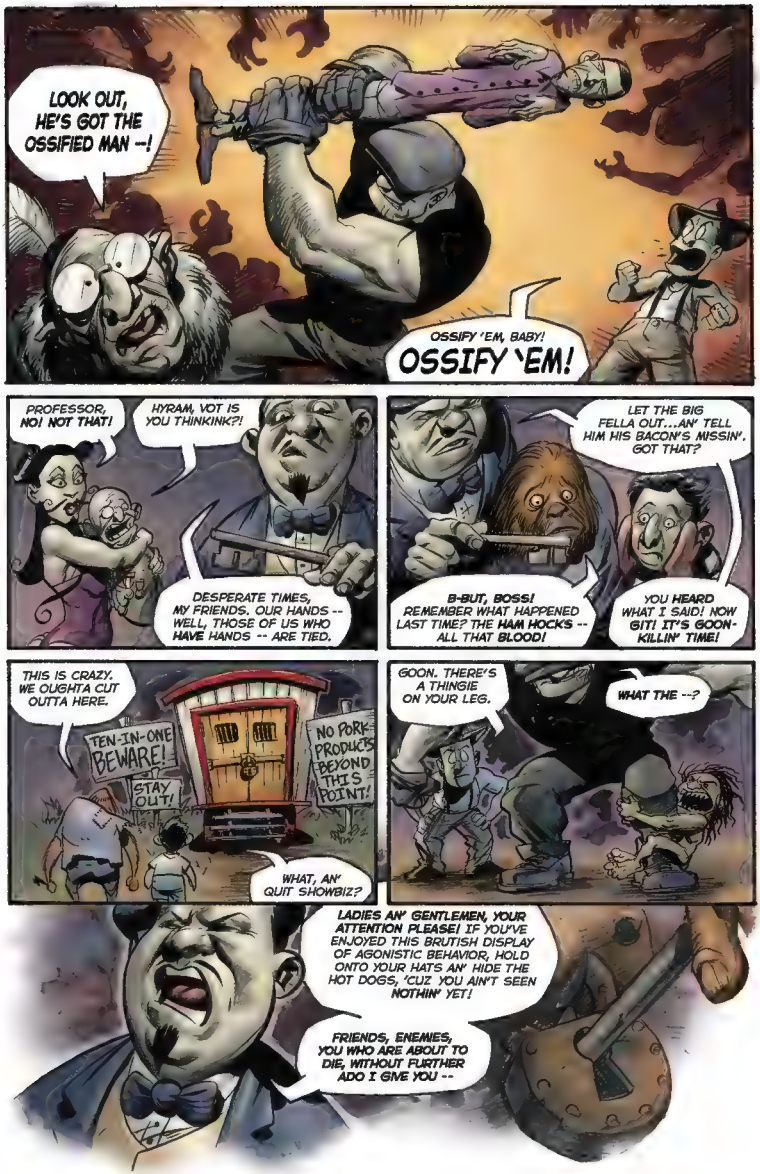
NOW THAT I HAVE YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM PROFESSOR HYRAM BRIGADOON, OWNER AND OPERATOR OF THIS HERE ENTERPRISE YOU BOYS ARE SO RUDELY VANDALIZING.
THESE ARE MY ASSOCIATES -- MADAME VENGANZA, THE WORLD-RENOWNED BEARDED LADY FROM NUTBUSH, TENNESSEE --
AN' HERR GERMELSHAUSEN, THE HUMAN WORM, HAILIN' FROM PARTS UNKNOWN.
DAS IST CORRECT.
AND WHO, MAY I ASK, MIGHT YOU BE?
NAME'S GOON. AN' THIS HERE'S --
GOON?
THE GOON?!
MADRE DE HUEVOS! EL GOON!
GOOD LORD! :CHOKE:! THE SWEDISH BLIMP JUST CRAPPED HIMSELF!
I SORRY, BOYS! I GET PLENTY BAD SCARE IN MY PANTS!

SO...THE GOON, EH? A NAME BOTH FEARED AND REVERED AMONGST THOSE IN THE SHOW AN' THOSE IN THE KNOW.
WE ARE HONORED, SIR, BY YOUR PRESENCE.
LISTEN, YOU. NORMALLY I AIN'T GOT NO PROBLEM WITH YER AVERAGE KIDNAPPIN', TORTURE, AN' MURDER FER PROFIT SCHEME. BUT THIS COTTON-CANDY OUTHOUSE YER RUNNIN' HERE STINKS WORSE THAN A DAY-OLD DIAPER ON A HOT PLATE.
YEAH! AN' YER POPCORN TASTES LIKE BAWK!
NOT THAT I'VE EVER EATEN BAWK.
"SCHEME"? WHY, YOU INSULT US, SIR. THIS IS NO MERE CRASS COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE!
AN' IT AIN'T MURDER, NEITHER, YOU BIG APE. IT'S REVENGE. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE, Y'KNOW.
REVENSE? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
YOU'VE WORKED THE MIDWAY, BOY. YOU KNOW HOW THE CUSTOMERS TREAT US! THEY JEER, THROW THINGS, SOMETIMES EVEN DRAG US OUT AND BEAT US. OR WORSE.
THIS IS PAYBACK. OUR DAY OF SPITTIN' BACK AT THE GAWKERS, THE SLOBS, THE CAKE EATERS.
AN' WE FIGURE, IF TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY, WHY NOT LET IT BE FUN PLAY, TOO?
JA!
TWO WRONGS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT. AN' THIS BAWK'S WRONGER THAN TITS ON A MACKEREL.
TEAR DOWN. OR I TEAR YOU DOWN.

YOU INFURIATE ME, BOY! HOW ABOUT I JUST POKE YOU A THIRD EYE RIGHT HERE AN' NOW AN' BE DONE WITH IT, HMM?
HOW 'BOUT I KICK YER NUTS SO FAR NORTH THEY'LL BE FEEDIN' SQUIRRELS IN SASKATCHEWAN?
YOU'LL NEED MORE'N THAT SISSY PISTOL TA PUT ME DOWN.
HA HA! SISSY PISTOL!
I SEE. HERR GERMELSHAUSEN?
AHEM.
HEY, RUBE!
MIDGETS!
MIDGETS OF ALL NATIONS!
SNEAKY SONS-OF-[illegible] MIDGETS OF ALL NATIONS!

HIT THE BRICKS, YA RANGY LITTLE BASTARDS!
HEY, RUBE!
HEAD'S UP, PAL! THEY'RE TOSSIN' OUT THE ADULT-SIZED GARBAGE!
WELL, THIS AIN'T WORKIN' OUT SO HOT.
I KNOW, I KNOW. DAMN MIDGETS DONE HALF-ASSED IT.
HEY, BOY! GO AN' FETCH THE TYPEWRITER! WE GOTTA NIP THIS HERE FOOLISHNESS IN THE BUD BUT QUICK!
YOU GOT IT, BOSS!

GOON! HELP! THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM!
YA TELLIN' ME? I'M COVERED IN CRETINS HERE!
GOOBLE GOBBLE, WE REJECT YOU!
WE REJECT YOU, NOT ONE OF US --
AH, HELL --
OOOOH, OOH, LOOKIE HERE! WE GOT 'EM NOW FOR SURE!
GAAAH!
MOTHER --!
GOD IN HEAVEN --!!
SUSQUEHANNA HAT COMPANY --!!!
BRAKA! BRAKA! BRAKA!
VAS IS --?! HEY, YOU! STUPID BOY! STOP DAT!
FLIPPO! YOU [redacted] IMBECILE! WHO TOLD YOU YOU COULD SHOOT THAT THING!
B-B-BUT, BOSS! YOU T-TOLD ME T-T-T-TO --
BRAKA! BRAKA!
"Click" "Click" "Click"


LOOK OUT, HE'S GOT THE OSSIFIED MAN --!
OSSIFY 'EM, BABY!
OSSIFY 'EM!
PROFESSOR, NO! NOT THAT!
HYRAM, VOT IS YOU THINKINK?!
DESPERATE TIMES, MY FRIENDS. OUR HANDS -- WELL, THOSE OF US WHO HAVE HANDS -- ARE TIED.
LET THE BIG FELLA OUT...AN' TELL HIM HIS BACON'S MISSIN'. GOT THAT?
B-BUT, BOSS! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME? THE HAM HOCK'S -- ALL THAT BLOOD!
YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID! NOW GIT! IT'S GOON-KILLIN' TIME!
THIS IS CRAZY. WE OUGHTA CUT OUTTA HERE.
TEN-IN-ONE BEWARE! STAY OUT!
NO PORK PRODUCTS BEYOND THIS POINT!
WHAT, AN' QUIT SHOWBIZ?
GOON. THERE'S A THINGIE ON YOUR LEG.
WHAT THE --?
ZIO
LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE! IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS BRUTISH DISPLAY OF AGONISTIC BEHAVIOR, HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS AN' HIDE THE HOT DOGS, 'CUZ YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!
FRIENDS, ENEMIES, YOU WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO I GIVE YOU --

BAYYYCAHH!!!
-- THE TEN-IN-ONE!
AW, FER CHRIST --
YOU WANT YOUR BACON, BOY? I TELL YOU WHERE YOUR BACON IS -- THERE! THEY DONE STOLE YOUR BACON! AN' NOT ONLY THAT, THEY LICKED IT! LICKED IT ALL OVER!
DID NOT! I AIN'T LICKED NOTHIN' SINCE TUESDAY, AN' THAT WAS STRICTLY CONSEXUAL!
WHAHMAHBAYCAAAAH! BAYYCAAHHH!
BWAAAAGHARRRRGHH!
BWHF!
ZUT ALORS!

HUNGRY, PISS-BREATH? TRY THE KNUCKLES!
THEY'RE ON SPECIAL TODAY!
BAYYYCAAAHHH!
BAYYYCAAAHHH!
HWOOOF!
HNNN!
BAYYYCAAAAAHHHH --!
THE DEATH HUG!
DAS GUTBREAKER! YHEEE!
HALLELUJAH AN' SWEET POTATO PIE! NOBODY GETS OUTTA THAT ALIVE!
OH, YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT --

BAAAH-MAAAH! BAH-MAAAAH!
HOLD ON, PAL! I'M COMIN'!
ONE SIDE, ONE SIDE, LET A PUSHING- LUNATIC THROUGH!
EEEEK!
STOP HIM!
HOLD ON, I'LL GET 'M!
YoiNK
AAAAAAGHH!!
HA! THAT LOOKS GOOD ON YA, LADY!
HELP! HELFEN SIE MIR!
GOON! HERE!
IT AIN'T BACON, BUT MAYBE THIS DRIED-UP HUNK OF WIENERSCHNITZEL WILL DO!
GOTT DER WURMER HELFEN MIR!
HERE, DIMWIT! GERMAN SAUSAGE! GO CHOKE ON IT, YA BIG GRABBY PILE OF SHIT!
CHOKE ON IT!

CHOKE!
WUMP!
I'M SORRY, BOY. TRULY I AM.
IT WAS YOUR MOMMA'S DYIN' WISH, RIGHT AFTER SHE ASKED ME TO TAKE THE STEAK KNIFE OUT OF HER BELLY, THAT I TAKE CARE OF YOU. I DONE FAILED YOU BOTH SPECTACULARLY.
GUESS I NEVER WAS CUT OUT TO BE A FATHER.
YOU MISERABLE [redacted].
N-NOW, WAIT --
OOF --!
TRIP!
ANY LAST WORDS?
I...I JUST --

SHUT UP.
DING!
I THINK WE'RE DONE HERE.
WE CAME. WE SWORE. WE CONQUERED.
HUH, THAT'S WEIRD. THE DUMP'S DISAPPEARIN'.
GOOD RIDDANCE.
I KINDA WANTED TA RIDE THE TILT-A-WHIRL. ALWAYS MAKES ME THINK OF STELLA. AN' JELL-O.
HEY --
THE CRAWLER! C'MERE, YA LEGLESS LITTLE HALF A BASTARD, YOU!
RUN US OFF THE ROAD, WILL YA?
I-I'M SORRY! A MADNESS TOOK ME --
SAVE IT, STUPID. I'M HEARTLESS TODAY.
GOON, WAIT, LEMME GET THIS ONE! I GOT ME AN IDEA!

HOOOO-WHEE! LOOKIT THE SIZE A THAT MOTHER CLUCKER!
DIBS ON THE DRUMSTICK!
WHATTA WE WAITIN' FER? LE'S DIG IN!
WAIT, FELLAS! WHY DON'T WE LOVES IT FIRST?
OOH! OOH! DIBS ON LOVE!
WHATTA YA SAY WE GET THAT TIRE CHANGED AN' HOTFOOT IT OVER TO LOCO'S BEFORE THEM BUMS WHACK ALL THE GOOD PIÑATAS?
AH, I AIN'T IN THE MOOD.
AW, C'MON!
GLUE
THEY GOT ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE J. EDGAR HOOVER.
LIFE SIZE. HEAD FULLA WHISKEY, GUTS FULLA BEER...
HEY, UH, WHATEVER YER NAME IS...WOULD YA STILL LOVE YER OL' UNCLE FRANKY IF HE THREW UP IN YER LAP --?
HEY, EVERYBODY! CHARLIE NOODLES IS CHALLENGIN' BENNY THE NOSE TO A STERNO DRINKIN' CONTEST!
I'M BLIND... BLIND, I TELL YA...
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! S'LONG, SUCKERS!

Hey, folks. I really hope you enjoyed reading this issue as much as I enjoyed drawing it. I've loved Evan Dorkin's work ever since I read the words, "Gin makes a man mean!" and a container of milk and a wedge of cheese waged anarchy while screaming the name of Merv Griffin. And then he had to go and make, with Jill Thompson, my new favorite comic, *Beasts of Burden*. Thanks for slummin' it with Goon and Franky for an issue, Evan! It was a blast!

All right, Eric,

Just wanted to let you know how much I'm loving the Powell oeuvre. I've got a pretty decent collection, including *The Goon*, *Buzzard*, *Chimichanga*, *Billy the Kid*, and *Godzilla*, and will continue to buy up all your excellent work. So much so that now when charity fundraisers ask me for donations towards blind, crippled orphans' puppies, I can honestly say with a clear conscience, "Eric Powell's got all my money, so fuck off."

All the best,
Christian Gore
Liverpool, UK

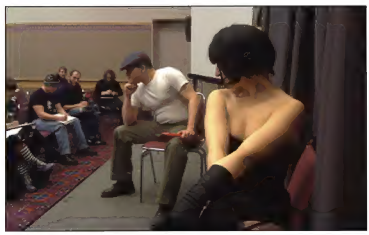
Being blind and crippled only makes puppies cuter. OH! You mean the orphans are blind and crippled. Well, then they can't see that their puppies are mangy and ugly. I still don't see a problem.

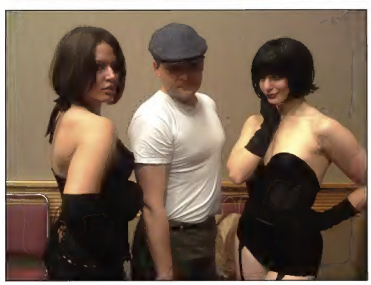
Dear Mr. Powell,

How come you look like Seth Rogen and Ned Beatty had a love baby?

Jeb

It's called luck, boy! Not everyone can be this plump and pasty, ya know! And speaking of lookers . . . RAWR! Check out these ladies dressed up like the harpy sisters! Oh, yeah, there's a dude dressed like the Goon in there, too. I went to Stumptown Comics Fest in Portland, Oregon, not too long ago and was pleased to see they were having a Dr. Sketchy's session there. Better yet, it was a Goon-themed session! I've been a frequent participant in the Sketchy's Nashville chapter. It's a lot of fun and a good way to get some life drawing in. You can look for a local chapter here: DrSketchy.com.





I'm gonna wrap this column up with how I spent my Father's Day, thanks to some amazing *Goon* readers. It's really kind of crazy when I think about all the interesting people I've been able to meet because of this book—including this gang of real-life *Goon*-loving circus clowns! These guys pictured with me and my boys are Maxim Fomitchev, Aron De Casmaker, and Jesse Buck, crazy-talented performers from *Cirque du Soleil: Alegría*. Jesse contacted us out of the blue to offer us tickets. It was an amazing show, and the boys loved it. Great Father's Day. So, thanks, guys!

That'll do it for this episode. See you in *The Goon* #36, where our guest star will be the real-life drinkin', smokin', strippin' machine . . . burlesque superstar ROXI DLITE!

—Eric

DARK HORSE
AUGUST 2011

HORSEPOWER

I've been rewatching *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. Rewatching, because I watched this stuff voraciously long before working on the comics. I'm *supposed* to be rewatching *Angel* in order to be better equipped to launch the *Angel & Faith* series. But I felt like I had to go back to the beginning, and then dive into Season 3, when all the juicy stuff goes down between Buffy, Faith, and Angel. That's where, for me, all the intensity of Buffy and Angel's romance blossomed, which recently had them listed as TV's number-one All-Time Sexiest Couple in *Entertainment Weekly*. That's when Faith showed up and started to ruffle feathers and self-destruct, and it's also partly how Angel and Faith ended up with their own comics series (launching this month). Angel once sought to mentor Faith. What if she could pay him back now that she's a wiser, stronger, sturdier version of her earlier self? That third season of the TV show, more than any other, solidified who these characters would be to one another. Then. Now. Forever.

With Joss Whedon (the guy who started it all, *for all you newbs*) laying the foundation, and the ever-talented Christos Gage leading the charge alongside artist—one of my favorites!—Rebekah Isaacs, *Angel & Faith* promises to be a thrilling romp through the grayest streets of London, where two fan-favorite characters will truly come to understand the meaning of *redemption*. (And it's about time Faith had the spotlight!)

My TV viewing has taken me into Season 4 of *Buffy*, and I'll start on *Angel* soon, hoping to watch them concurrently (nerd!). Joss planted an homage in the very first issue of Season 9 that hearkens back to the episodes I'm watching now. It's always a pleasure to find yourself unexpectedly in on the joke . . . and Joss is so good at making the reader or viewer feel like they're a part of the characters' every experience from the very beginning.

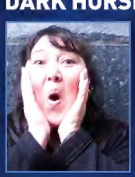
With Season 9 Joss is working with the insanely talented Andrew Chambliss, who moonlighted as a TV writer for *Dollhouse* and *The Vampire Diaries*, and now is comics scribe extraordinaire! (Okay, so he's still doing the TV thing, currently with Jane Espenson on *Once Upon a Time*, but I like to think he's a comics writer first and foremost. Creepy? Mostly.) With series artist Georges Jeanty setting the stage, Season 9 will join Buffy in the aftermath of Season 8, where she was the supreme general of a Slayer legion. Now she's a solo-Slayer espresso maker, exploring her twenties with a new apartment and "roomies." It's a welcome change of pace, though still a struggle for the ever identity-crisised Buffy. Willow is magicless, and a little peeved. Dawn and Xander are trying out the domesticated scene in San Fran. As promised, the focus is about these wonderfully (super) human characters.

Meanwhile . . . I've also been working on another Whedon-related project that's been on the stands for a month. The *Dollhouse* comics were born straight out of the TV show, expanding upon the story started in the much-loved pair of episodes titled "Epitaph." The comics focus on the postapocalyptic landscape and follow two groups of key characters struggling to survive and fight against an unseen technological enemy. Even if you aren't familiar with the show, the comics provide a great launching point into this strange new world, with a cast of characters dealing with identities, whether their own or those forced upon them. Andrew Chambliss, Maurissa Tancharoen, and Jed Whedon, who wrote for the show (including the "Epitaph" episodes), have reunited for this five-issue miniseries.

It's an exciting year for Whedon fans, and for fans of great, original tales starring some of the most intriguing characters on TV or in comics. I'd say I'm biased because I work on these projects, but I was biased *long* before I climbed in the sandbox.

Buffy Editor

DARK HORSE HEROES!



Circa 1986, **Mimi Cruz** was faced with a tough decision: buy a Corvette or open a comic store. And though the Corvette would've been cool, the store paid off. Night Flight Comics won the 2005 Spirit of Comics Retailer Award! There are now two locations in Utah. Be sure to drop in . . . because Mimi still wants a Corvette. *sigh*

Rebel Slayer **Faith Lehane** takes up residence in the Dark Horse stable this month—a fitting place, as she inherited horses (among other worldly goods) from her recently deceased mentor, Giles . . . Reintroduce yourself to the Faith of today as she supports her friend Angel and counsels lost Slayers in the magicless world of *Angel & Faith*!

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